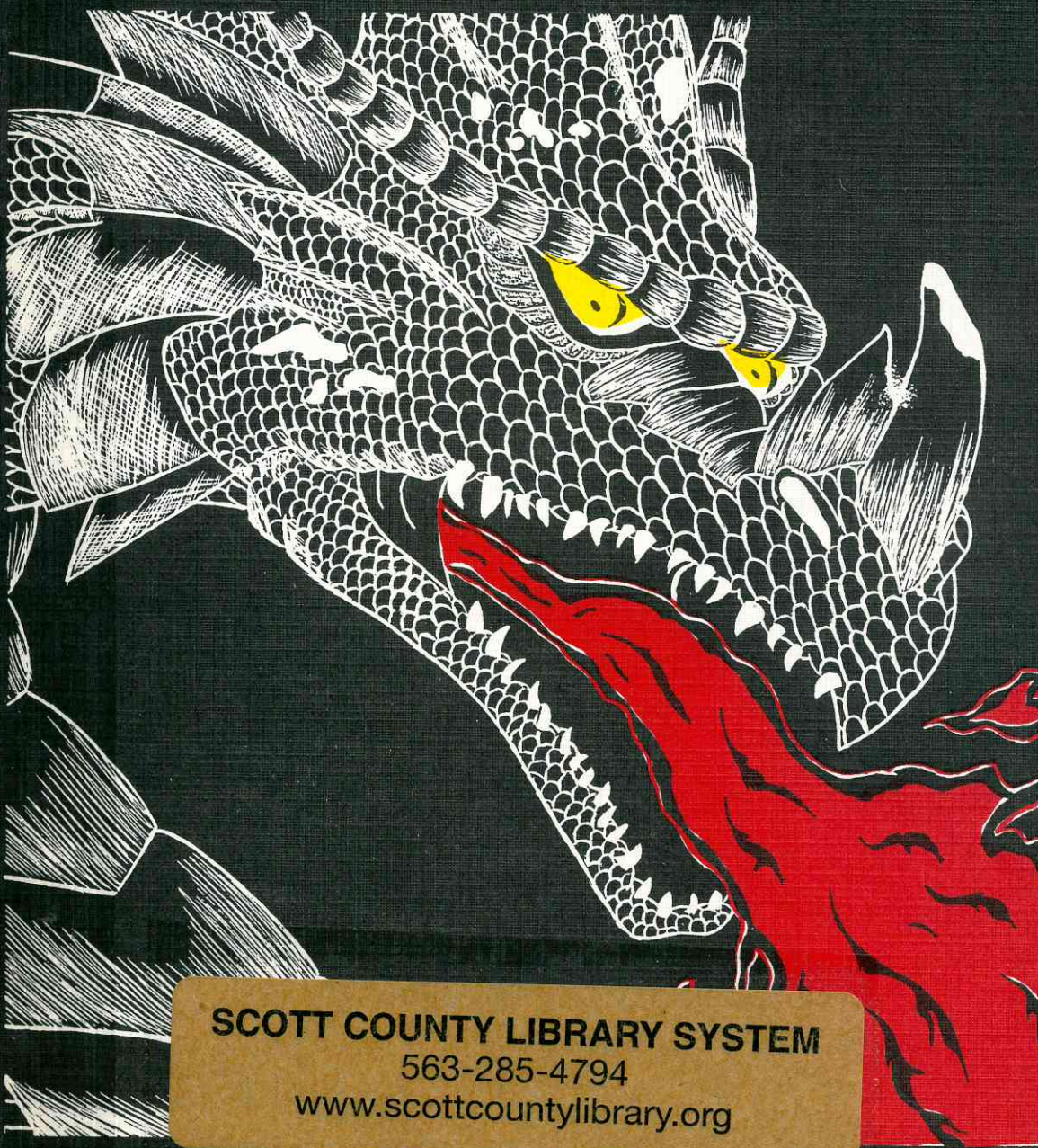


SCOTT COUNTY LIBRARY SYSTEM



3 0050 06583 2502

Morning Star



SCOTT COUNTY LIBRARY SYSTEM

563-285-4794

www.scottcountylibrary.org

1995-1996

Volume 13 * North Scott High School *

Eldridge, IA 52748

AL
A

Morning Star

1995-1996

**Volume 13 * North Scott High School *
Eldridge, IA 52748**

***Edited by Erin Hinz, Alissa Martin, and Emily Petersen
Advised by Gene Conrad***

***Sponsored by the North Scott High School Language Arts
Department, with the help of Bernie Peeters and Joni Schneider,
art insructors.***

Cover art by Christy Swofford

***Assisted by students of The Lance, (Lisa Holdorf, Erin Hinz,
Meghan Billups, Keri Ganoe, Chad Holdorf, Amanda Howard,
Kiley Hudson, Val Hunt, Nicole Iossi, Lindsay Jenkins, Jack
Johnston, Tyler Kamish, Katie Rashid, Carrie Shannon, Sara
Sutton, Lauren Vanderflugt, and Jason Weibel) and by sopho-
more Stephanie Mangels.***

The following letter is reprinted from the first edition of the Morning Star in 1984
to help students understand its meaning and origin.

-Editors

A Letter From the Editors

This letter's purpose is to explain the derivation of the title for our student anthology.

First of all, the morning star was a medieval weapon, somewhat like a mace in appearance. The factor was considered as it would complement North Scott's other publications: The Lance, our newspaper; and The Shield, our yearbook. In the context of medieval weapons, morning star is quite appropriate.

Second, the term "morning star" can be used to describe any person whose talents are beginning to emerge. For a publication devoted to rising young writers, "Morning Star" reflects both on the publication and the writers represented within its covers.

Finally, the title's double meaning shows a quality unique to the English language. In no other language is it possible to form a double meaning using the exact words in the same context. Only the English tongue is so versatile. Therefore, the title "Morning Star" not only represents its literal meaning, but also indicates what can be done with the English language by those individuals, some of whom are represented in this anthology, who have made writing their craft.

Read and enjoy,
The Editorial staff

My Unborn Children

My diaries
My scrapbooks
The notes I secure away

The hours
The years
The minutes in every day

The tears I've shed
The books I've read
I've done it all for them

I store it all
In my heart
To be of use again

To make their lives
A little easier
Like mine was made for me

I had a mother
Who was the same
As I would like too be

Sure we fight
But that's all right
Because every family does

Even though we scream
And I call her mean
Each night, I know it's me she loves

I want to be
The same as she
It all works out in the end

And so I try
And that is why
I do it all for my unborn children

-Alissa Martin, '96

No one knew,
or should I say,
no one cared.
He suffered
endlessly
in this world.

At school
he was teased and picked on.
At home
he was beaten and unloved.
All it would have taken was
one
outstretched
hand.
No one bothered,
they were all
too concerned
with themselves.

He left us last night,
alone
and
hurting.
God picked him up
and taught him yo fly.
He will
no longer cry,
for in heaven,
there are
only sunny days
and
all
are loved.

-Ellen Brockman, '99

It starts as a game-
You are gawky, uncoordinated
Parents point and boast-
You think of recess the next day

You start practicing at home-
You are faster, more aggressive
Aunts, neighbors, grandparents-
You think of the next game

Joining traveling teams-
You start to grow a love for it
Invitations from far off coaches-
You think of starting, and playing time

Trying out for teams-
You work-out, sleep, and work-out
Moms are proud, Dads are critical
You think of records, points tournaments

Making all the teams-
You practice, compete, sweat
Coaches expect, Teachers demand-
You think of nothing else

It's too much-
You can't slow down
Don't disappoint them-
You can't think of anything else

It's not the same-
You can't find the love you had
Parents, Aunts, Neighbors, Coaches, Teachers-
You think of disappointment

It's not a game-
You want to stop
Whispers- "Don't waste your talent"-
You think of a life without it

-Amanda Spies, '98

Peace Fest

The day has come
The time is right
We all will join
And stop the fight

One race - **Human** -
Together under one sky
A great big party
And prejudice will die

One man - **God** -
The man of every race
Come help celebrate
And we'll save this place

Peace Fest

-Angle Engler, '98

Guilt

I can't change it
What's done is done
now there is only one
I wasn't there
The day you died
But when I found out
I really cried
The pain it brought
was so great
The emotions I felt
were filled with hate
most toward myself
for not being there
But still you know
that I'll always care
I still often wonder
why God took you away
I think it was punishment for me
That you had to pay
I wish I could
rewrite the past
So you and I could be together
Again...at last.
And so I say: Forgive me
I wish I could make it up to you
But the time ran out so quickly
And now my debt is overdue
In a blink you were gone
Taken away from us all
But for me, the time goes on
I just pray that I don't fall
If I could get back
Any* one moment with you
There isn't a thing
that I wouldn't do
But when you left
I had to ask why
I didn't even get a chance
to say Good-bye.

-Kerri Ferguson, '96

Constantly ignored
unseen, unheard
This treatment...
Absurd?
Is it too much to ask
A look? A smile?
When will they stop treating me
as if I'm a child?
Don't they see me?
Are all of them blind?
Or is this all
Just in my mind
What is the problem?
Is something wrong with me?
I am like a ship
sailing out at sea
The ship is lost
And can't find it's way
But it could return
Again,...someday
This is what it's like
in the life of an outcast
Like a flag waving
at only half-mast
Or like a star that shines
so brightly in the night
And gives no light
Don't they see how this hurts me?

-Kerri Ferguson, '96

Never Let You Go

All of the memories
I hold so very dear
Will always live
inside of me
Through each and every year
I can still remember
The day you walked out of my life
Never to look back
We never even said good-bye
I kept wanting to think
It was all just a lie
But now I realize
That when you left
You didn't want to
Say Good-bye

So now that you're gone
I want you to know
That even though
We're apart
I'll never let you go.

-Kerri Ferguson, '96

The Dance

We dance at the beach
Birds encircle us like a flower
Opening to the sun
The sand is wet
Footprints follow me
but not you
I grab your hand
only to grab nothing
You leave into the ocean
And I follow you
Up into the white gods in the sky.

-Meghan Guss, '98

Long passed are the days we spent together
but the line hasn't healed my pain.

On starry nights, as I gaze into the sky
The memory of you overwhelms my thoughts
like moonlight killing the shadows of a dark landscape.

The little things you did changed my life,
changed it in such big ways it could never be explained,
even if you ventured into the farthest corners of your
imagination.

Like the sounds of leaves swaying in the gentle breeze
your carrying words of advice calmed me.
What was I going to do without such things?

The worried cries of what i was going to do in the future
has now become the puzzled questions I have yet to
answer in the present.

Do you remember the days I so long to have over again.
I meant to tell you how much you meant to me.
I thought I had eternity, but I guess it's too late now.

-David Cecil, '99

The door slams-
Fear grows-
Why must it be them?

Yelling begins-
Ears are covered-
Why must it be them?

A slap and a fall-
Tears now streaming-
Why must it be them?

Feet climbing the stairs-
Four little ones hiding-
Why must it be them?

Yelling comes back-
One sleeps-
Why must it be them?

The one is lucky,
It is envied-
For it doesn't know
What is happening to them.

-Lana Jurgens, '98

Drag Racing

Fords, Chevy's, Dodges, Olds
all lined up
to take a turn
1/4 mile
full speed.
Thundering
down the track
Two at a time
to see who is
first in each race
just so the winners
can thunder down the track.
Again and again
until one is
left with a
win!

-Josh Luckritz, '98

The lights, the stage, the make-up and the costumes.
I stand and wait for the curtain to
Rise, and have my moment in glory.
Not myself,
But another.

The lights, the stage, the make-up and the costumes.
I take my final bow, as the lights dim, the curtain
Falls.
Costumes and make-up are left behind.
And I am myself again.

-Lisa Schelbe, '98

How Can Life Ever be the Same?

It seems in a moment, your whole world can shatter
Like morning dreams, they just disappear
Like dust in your hand falling to the floor
How can life ever be the same?

It's all too easy to take so much for granted
But it's so hard to find the words to say
Like a sandcastle that's been washed away by water
How can Life ever be the same?

I held your hands so tightly
I didn't think I'd ever let go
But now I've lost you forever, my worst nightmare come true.
How can life ever be the same?

-David Cecil, '99

Hidden Feelings

I wish I could notice
Your true feelings about me
It makes me feel blind
They're so hard to see
Why do you keep hiding?
Please, let your feelings show
You don't need to keep them secret
I really need to know
Do you really love me?
Or do you even care?
You keep everything inside
I'd like to know what's there.
So open up if you dare
And let me look inside
So I can see all these feelings
You try so hard to hide.

-Kerri Ferguson, '96

Tonight

Standing in the moonlight
Walking on the beach
Sitting in the sand
With you and him in hand
You look at him
He kisses you
You start to wonder if his emotions and feelings are true
You know you are falling in love
And want it to last forever
Is this true?
Is this right?
I guess it's okay,
At least tonight

Amy Gates, '97

The linemen slowly surround the football.
Their rivals line up against them.
They get in to position, ready to go like
a Mustang on a green light.
The crowd chants as the players
Snarling, yelling, growling,
Look at their opponents
Dust lingers in the Quarterback's face, as he
signals the receivers

Hike!
The light turns green.
The Quarterback snags the ball and steps back,
Searching for an open man,
The grinding, crunching of the defense
getting through obstacles to their prey:
The Quarterback.

The Quarterback hands the ball to the running back,
the defense spotting a new prey,
The quarterback has the ball.
A fake!
Sees the receiver, who throws his arm up,
dodging his opponent like a rabbit and a fox.
He completes the pass, just as the defensive man finds his pray.
First Down.

-Fred Simmons, '96

I remember the time, I remember the place,
When a solitary tear slipped down your soft face.
I was only ten, as numbers go,
But I always felt your pain and woe.

We were always together
I swear we shared a brain.
One of us was constantly there,
Like a ground in coffee stain.

No none could ever replace you.
Not another breathing soul.
I locked those memories inside my heart,
That is now an empty hole.

When you died, I died too.
Deathly lost, without my "you."
My emotions frozen like winter snows,
Love dies, as does the rose

Shattered was my childlike innocence,
Turned to dust upon the ground.
In that moment, I died too.
silently, and without a sound

-Christy Swofford, '98

Something to work for...

We played our hearts out
All year long.
Games give you a feeling
You can't get anywhere else
We all had as immense will
to win.
Coaches put forth the same effort
we do.
With our disappointed finish it didn't
Show our talent or effort.
We have two years till the
final
deadline of our goals.
We'll get there,
I know we will.

-Bryan Arensdorf, '98

The Devil's Passion

I walk along the river of life,
Thinking of answers to questions.
That I have pondered in my mind for many hours.
When I enter my world of imagination,
I can face myself in the mirror,
I can walk with my shoulders held high.
Smiles spread across faces that once worried.
I hope never to wake.
What if I can't return to this world of happiness?
This sounds as though I want to end it all,
But no I just want some peace inside.
Want to walk with the ones who love me.
Just to smile as I did at Christmas as I did as a child.
To open presents that contain love.
Cherish the Cherubs.
Representing all that I wish and hope for.
Standing in the shadows sadness lurks,
Waiting to take control of the happiness I earned.
I won't let you destroy me,
The way you have ruined others.
Forcing them to cry alone,
Laughing at their pain.
What gives you the right,
Who gives you the power.
I open my heart to tell truth,
You sneak into create heartache.
One that hurts all over,
In my stomach, in my mind.
When I did not share,
You still hot mad and let the pain invade.
Only leaving me behind as you walk out the door,
To your next conquest.
Smiles as fake as my Grandma's Christmas tree.
I turn to you.
You introduce me to the only one to take my place.
You laugh as I become a joke.
Not being able to sleep,
I close my eyes tighter each time I lay to rest.
Before you kill all that is left of me,
I must remember the other times,
Find strength in the good things.
You will be gone,
I will again be able to walk without the help,
Of this make believe world.
This life is what I make of it.
You will not help in the kitchen,
Your fires will only burn the dessert.

My Life

It's a wreck
That girl
Stupid witch
She knew that boy
Was mine
That boy
Dumb jerk
He lied
To me.
Now
I cry.

-Jessica Baumer, '98

LSD

Not something for me,
But to others,
Maybe.
Peer pressure is the killer
You see.
One hit or two,
What seen will be
New.
Things will only be
Lost,
For the user pays
the cost.
Life is a treat,
Death is a defeat!

-Tim Holdorf, 97

Work

Up before dawn, home
By lunch. Putting out pallet
Of sod by pallet, roll
After roll, minute by minute.
Soon a semi-load is cut, and another
One rolls in. Soon the hot day is
Over and greeted home
by a refreshing shower
And lunch

-Aaron Stolpe,'98

My heart is lonely, I feel so bare
I'm drowning quickly, in my despair
Forsaken feelings, deserted days
Secluded soul, and weary ways
Trapped in my reclusive life
solitude cuts me like a knife
In a solitary atmosphere
Crying a single, neglected tear
Isolated, the one and only
I am lost, I am lonely.

-Laura Wichtoski,'98

BUCHANAN OH BUCHANAN
THE WINNER OF NEW HAMPSHIRE
CELEBRATES LONG WITH PRIDE
WHILE DOLE HAD HIS TIME
TO ROLL IN HIS CAMPAIGN
AND BE HAPPY WITH WHAT HE'S DONE.
LAMAR ALEXANDER THE GREAT
HE IS THE MAN FOR VISITING HERE
BUT HE HAS A WAYS YET TO GO.
FORBES IS A FUNNY RICH BOY JOKE.
HE WAS BORN WITH A SILVER SPOON
HE CAN MANAGE A MAGAZINE, THAT'S ALL.
THE VERY WORST OF THIS CAMPAIGN
IS ALL THE NEGATIVE ADVERTISING
IT IS UPSETTING THEY CAN'T BE NICE.

-Bridgette Davis, '99

Good Bye...Dad...

I was only two,
I didn't understand,
I always asked,
"Where's Dad?"
I didn't know any better,
As I got to be older,
I began to understand.
He never gave me the care I needed,
He cheated on my mom.
He left my mom and I with nothing.
Life went on.
He called every now and then.
Says he's going to make it up,
But he never did.
Never gave us money.
Dropped by a couple of times,
And then left again.
Now I begin to see he doesn't care,
if he did he would have proved it by now,
I'm sixteen now,
life is just fine.
But I'll never know what it's like,
to have a true father.
So now the person who brought me into life,
has proved himself worthless.
He hasn't gained my love and respect,
And probably never will.
Life must go on...

-Dave Book, '98

Lament

A single tear falls on your cheek
as you recall those childhood years.
Another drop streaks down you face, and more begin to follow.
You try to end your salty sobs
and put this memory out of mind,
But your tears don't want to cease.

With your face now wet with tears,
you wonder if you'll ever heal
and be able to remember
This fragile part without lament,
with whom you're now so well acquainted.

-Gregg Gross, '99

Lament

A memory comes
a wet spot on your cheek
the salty liquid is cool on your chin
Another drop follows, then more
You try to stop, but the drops still fall-
the memory all too vivid to be
recalled without lament.

-Gregg Gross, '99

The Murder

She had no reason to be scared,
or did she.
She laid down in bed,
She slept a deep sleep.
She had no reason to be scared,
or did she.
Then the killer came into the room.
He walked to the bed and looked down at her.
She had no reason to be scared,
or did she.
He pulled out a knife that glimmered in the moonlight.
He held it above her head.
She had no reason to be scared,
or did she.
He brought the knife gently to her throat,
he waited,
She had no reason to be scared,
or did she.
He killed her with such grace, such confidence that she didn't feel a thing.
She had no reason to be scared,
or did she.

-Matt Claeys, '98

I Scream So Loud

I scream so loud
But nobody hears
I sing so pretty
But nobody cares
I listen so well
But nobody speaks
I wonder what I have done
Nothing they say
You've done nothing wrong
And still they yell
And mock
And envy
They say I am the one
The one who needs to listen
Understand
And respect.

-Jesse Johnston, '99

A Brilliant Silver Luster

A brilliant silver luster
A glossy black case
The keys were clean
Mouthpiece untouched
It carried harmonious elegance
The springs, screws, and keys puzzled me
It was a maze of silver splendor
Glinting in the light
Pressed against my mouth
It filled with graceful air
The sound was so open, full, and light
It's notes sang with radiance
The music danced on air
It was my own flute
So beautiful and pristine
So new and untouched
Mine, all mine

-S.A. Low, '98

I wish for you
a lot of times
I want to see you
and talk to you.
I wonder what you might be doing
and if everything's okay.
When I start feeling sad
because I miss you,
I remind myself how lucky I am
to have you to miss-
to have been with you
through so many close
and happy days...

They say it's a small world,
and maybe they're right.
But it doesn't seem that way to me
when I'm missing you.

-Abby Risius, '99

ONE LITTLE JOKE

Kids will always make fun
They may not mean harm,
But, yes, it does hurt.

It all started with one little joke.
It had no truth in it.
But everyone still laughed.

The kids were all having fun,
But she couldn't see the humor.
Their words were like a dagger through her heart.

She vowed she'd lose a few pounds to prove them all wrong.
But after those few pounds,
She still heard those jokes deep in her heart.

She kept on going, starving herself.
Now those cruel kids were starting to worry.
She was getting too thin, wasting away.

She could never be happy with herself.
Her body was not as perfect as those she saw in magazines.
So, she kept on going,
Soon out of control.

The ending was a sad one.
Her friends and family missed her so much.
Everyone wondered what made her do it.
If only they'd known...

It started with one little joke.

-Abby Rislus, '99

Feelings

Love is the color of a heart so bright
That it shines through the darkest night.
It's the force that makes the world go round
From the top of the clouds to bottom of the ground.

Joy is the color of a heart so true
That when sad times come it can break right through.
When you're feeling down and your feeling mad,
It's joy that will stop you from feeling so bad.

Hate is the color of a heart so dark,
But the hateful people have missed the mark.
You see, peace is the way that the world is free
And is safe once again for you and me.

Sorry is the feeling of a heart so sad,
When it said something harsh that made someone feel bad.
When they're feeling down and low,
A simple "I'm sorry" can ease the blow

-Jay Stroud, '96

The Unmarching

Trees,
Birds,
Squirrels,

Deep in the forest
Shadowy and cold
Up in the sky, The
dark clouds move
mysteriously, and
almost suddenly the
suns rays warm
The damp scene
Split rays try to touch
The ground as they run
through the gaps
In the mountainous redwoods
and you hear the trickle of
Spring coming again.

-Cara Hamann, '99

A Builder

A forest of trees
A pile of lumber
A box of nails
A hammer
A saw
A lot of work
A new shed
A job done
A success

Nick Diffenderfer, '98

BOREDOM

(Please read slowly for best effect)

He was immortal, and he was bored. His name and features are not important, as he had millions of them. Currently, he was sitting idly by a stream, automatically skipping rocks across it.

He had been born some million billion to the 459,768,341,226,985th power centuries ago, approximately. He also had a photographic memory, so he remembered every single second of those years.

He had lived a million lives, fulfilled a million destinies, had a million names, experimented a million experiments. He had been soldier, king, serf, slave, baker, barber, advertiser, salesman, and a million other jobs, many of which are long forgotten. Several cultures had worshiped him as God.

He had hated a million hates, loved a million loves, lived a million joys and sadness. He had been father to a million children, but ultimately, everyone and everything he knew faded away or was destroyed. Nothing outlasted him.

Absolutely everything that could be done, had been done before, he knew. Nothing was original. He turned to composing bad poetry, but there are only so many infinite combinations, of words in a million languages, and this grew boring also.

So he turned to the last thing that he had never tried, death. It became a morbid fascination, which caused him to live several lifetimes completely paranoid to everything. So he tried to commit suicide. (Don't gasp in horror, you probably would have too, try to imagine the situation he was in.) But nothing worked. A million failed suicides happened. Several times he had been on a planet as it exploded, only to drift aimlessly in space until he landed on a new one. Once he had caused an entire mountain to landslide over him, only to be forced to wait patiently, (composing more bad poetry), for several millennia while the very rocks disintegrated around him. Drawing upon his millions of years of knowledge and experience, he created method after method of death... and none worked.

Eventually everything was done. He had done everything possible, Everything. Nothing was left. He had done everything, saw everything, and became completely bored.

Try to imagine the intense boredom of having seen it all and known it all already. Nothing new, ever. Try to imagine the complete loneliness and desolation in the knowledge that everything you see around you and everyone you know will one day be gone, and you will be left to remember forever. The same boring sequence of events in the future. The places and people you once knew, when they were fresh and original, forever gone to all but your memory. Everything you hear about eternal life being so great, how it is often the first of the infamous three wishes, how it is glorified in movies. Just once, and what it would really be like.

And once he accepted this, he sat down and waited for the end of the universe. (Hoping against hope that there would BE an end of the universe). He figured that if the universe was gone, he would go with it, or at least put him in oblivion. There was no point in doing anything else, as he had already done everything there was to do.

And until then he sat by the stream, idly skipping rocks across the surface. There he would wait, there he sat on, the Eternal Man, the All-Knowing, the Deathless One, but most of all the completely, unspeakably bored.

-Jesse Sheedy, '99

Prejudice, is it so bad?
Not without a reason?
It's not necessarily ignorance
based on more than just differences
Why the preconceptions,
can they understand?
How can they judge me?
Why should I judge them?
I have my reasons,
do they have theirs?

Nick Diffenderfer, '98

Child's Play

I had everything a child could want:
ponies, Legos, tea sets galore.
Dolls, houses, but still I wanted more.
Candy they gave me, hula-hoops, tricks.
Little did I know
what I wanted was a sis.

-Andi Anderson, '98

Dancing

Around the room;
Leaping, spinning, counting.

Freedom.

Chaine'e, grand jete', pirouette;
Feeling the
Music.

Fluidity, adage, legato;
Slow sure movements;
Ronde jambe, porte bra, ponche'.

Stress.

Release.

Working hard.
Around the room;
Dizziness, aches, pain.

Freedom.

Constraint of
Counting, body position, musicality.

Hearing the music;
Over, and over, and
Over.

Feeling the
Music.

Emotional.
Drain.

Slow, sure movements;
Pained, pulled muscles.

Stress.
Relief.

-Jamie Bell, '98

What has changed?

So many years ago I was small, and unafraid.
I lived in a make believe world where I could endlessly play.
Sheltered by loved ones, from all the worlds pains.
So young, and naive, I had to blame.

As I grew older I liked to explore.
Still small, sweet, and innocent, yet easy to bore.
I had no problems, and felt no pain.
There in the sun I swam, slept, and played.

Now the young one's starting to bloom.
Noticed the boys, and wore more perfume.
So many guys, but it was such a big climb.
So she did the things she liked.
She ran, played soccer, and worked backstage.
She was good at music, but was starting a new page.

So much mystery in this one little girl.
So much love she was willing to share.
So much to give, but too much to loose.

Surrounded by friends, and people who adored.
She asked a lot of questions, but there were many, many more.
The questions remained unanswered, She was willing to explore.
She understood a little bit, But of course wanted more.

He laughed, and was amused,
While his game left her confused.
Without any rules she played along,
Continuously worrying if she was doing it all wrong.

Now six months later,
her smile is still the same,
She stares at the wall
and wonders what
has changed.

-Allison Cook, '98

The Sparrow's Song

As he strolled past the old grey house,
A sparrow sang him a sweet melody.
But he never paid attention to it,
And it just cried on its little tree.

Why do you cry for him dear sparrow,
When he has broken your heart?
Why do you sing for him sparrow,
When his words tore you apart?

"I sing for the boy that I love,
No matter where he goes.
I sing for him from my soul
hoping to stop him
from loving the girl he chose."

But he has hurt you, dear sparrow,
He has made you cry.
He has hurt you sparrow
(The sparrow answered with a sigh)

"I know but I can not help it,
I have given him my heart
I know of the tears I've cried,
But I wish I had known of them
from the start."

(I answered with a helpless cry)
I really still don't understand,
How can you still love the one
that has made you cry,-that horrid man.

"No you do not understand,
I love the one he was before
He has changed from a sweet kid,
To a man who needs more.
(She went on in a sorrowful way)
"He used to speak to me everyday,
When he was a boy
But now has not time for me
And has left me with no joy."
(again she goes on-
I listen with a tear)

"I try to sing to let him hear,
but he can't even look.
And that leaves me with great fear,
He will not give back to me the love he took."
Oh dear sparrow-
do not cry,
I hate to see these sorrows.
Please, I must leave you

But I will be back with thee tomorrows.

"That is what he said to me,
before he left my side,
But I will believe in you
and give you my trust and my pride."

Thank you so dear sparrow,
thank you for trusting me tonight
I will not let you down.
(But I left again,
never to come in the clear sparrow's sight)
The sparrow never sang again
She was oh too sad
Of the love she had given him
And the trust in that girl she had.
-Alissa Martin, '96

Something

Want something...
go for it

Need something...
get it

Feel something...
make it grow

Don't know something...
find out

Love something...
keep it

Miss something...
remember it

Sometimes...
When that something is gone for a long time

It's too late...
Only memories
-Angle VanDeWille, '98

Life

Sometimes I love life,
other times I hate it.
It seems to have troubles,
things just go bad.

We go through many stages,
infant to adult.
Sometimes we are happy,
other times we are sad.

We show our anger,
we celebrate good times.
We do what we want,
we never follow rules.

If life gets too hard,
we fall out of place.
-Melanie Smith, '98

Again

Over and over again,

it happens more than once.

Comes and goes, comes and goes.

Not a day passes that it doesn't happen.

When will it happen again?

When will it come back into my life?

I try to avoid it,

but when I least expect it, it will come.

It takes me completely,

yet touches so sweetly,

Again and again it shall go,

just as it came.

Totally unexpected.

-Kerl MeInert, '98

Precious Things are Free

The things of value we cannot buy:

The shining dew covering the break of dawn;
The swaying leaves in the midday breeze;
The orange haze as the sun goes down in the west;
The night with it's majestic moonlit sky.

For these our pocketbooks are far too small.

The things of value we cannot buy.

The things of wonder we cannot question:

The unpredictability of nature's phenomenons;
The transformation of dingy caterpillars
Into stunning butterflies;
The fate involved in love at first sight;
The creation of rainbows;
The miracle of birth.

For these our mysteries go unsolved.

The things of wonder we cannot question.

The things of achievement we cannot yet reach:

The supremacy of women;
The death of AIDS;
The common language of peace worldwide;
The flow of jobs for the poor and unemployed;
The undying love for our neighbors.

For these our cries go unheard.

The things of achievement we cannot yet reach.

-Kathy Roling, 99

Angelique

As I walked into the crowded room.
She shone like the sun on a cloudy day.
I was blinded by her beauty.
I walked over.
I was not able to speak.
For she had the beauty of a rose,
the face of an angel,
the voice of a song.
She spoke to me and I fell
into a thing called love.
I love her still.
She loves me.
She is not perfect,
but to me,
she always will be.

-Matt Claeys, '97

Beautiful

She is beautiful
She is out of reach
I see her in my dreams
Walking on the beach
She is like the waves
Emotions running high and low
Whenever I get close
She says she has to go
What is it about women
That men don't know
So what can I do to show
her how I feel?
She is beautiful
and that is for real

-Jason Crane, '98

Best Friends

We are Best Friends.
I've told you my fears, my hopes, my dreams.
And in return, you confide in me.
But lately it isn't that way.
I wonder if I can trust you.
We don't talk much, anymore.
I can feel us drifting apart.
I walk right past you in the halls.
We smile and say "hi."
I can feel a difference.
What's going on?
I miss having you around.
We did everything together.
You helped me grow-up. I showed you what was right.
We put together our lives, one piece at a time.
When I had good news, you were the first one I told.
We laughed together. We cried together. We were a team.
We shared everything together.
We felt each others pain and joys.
I feel like I 'm losing you. You are slipping away from my reach.
Nobody can ever take your place, and they never will.
If I let you leave, will you come back here?
I miss you.
I don't want to lose you.
Please stay.
Because me and your are Best Friends.

--Eric Grimme, '99

A Team

We look at each other as equals
each trying to do our best
we don't mind if we lose
if know we've tried.
We feel the anger i the loss of one
the excitement of another's winning shot

In the end
we might have lost it all
but we went away with smiles
Just for the liking of the game
for the enjoyment of being
a team.

-Alyssa Holle, '98

You can't see it-
But you can feel it

You can't taste it-
But it makes you ill

It's not hot-
But it makes you sweat

It makes no noise-
But it keeps you up at night

You can't change it-
It's too late now

It's your conscience-
Stopping in for a hello

Try to escape it-
It knows your moves

Be warm, embrace it-
Then it will leave

-Amanda Spies, '98

As I stare down at the bare stage
as cold emptiness fills me.
I draw a blank,
and start to wonder what could have been,
what still could be.
I could have done this.
or that.
I could have said something, thought of something,
done something.
Anything to make it happen.
When will it become a reality,
instead of a dream.
Will it even happen at all.

--Keri Meinert, '98

I wonder if there will always be light
I wonder if there will always be love
No one can tell the future
They can only predict
What is to come and
What is to go.....

I wonder if there will always be care
I wonder if there will always be air
No one knows if
It will always be there....

I wonder if there will always be night
I wonder if there will always be sight
No one knows how long
It could last
Or how fast
It could pass....

I wonder if anyone will ever know.

--Angle Van De Wiele, '98

Is there any feeling,
any at all,
that would compare,
to football?

• Pulling to hit an unsuspecting tackle,
smashing through the line,
the emotions to which nothing can come close,
to which nothing can compare.

The emotions.
The blood.
The sweat.
The tears.
It is more than just a game.

--Tom Schmlidt, '98

Is It Worth It?

Hit with peer pressure,
is it worth it?
Everyone else is,
is it worth it?

You give in,
Things are starting to change,
Life will never be the same,
You get scared,
is it worth it?

Everything is slow,
Reality has escaped,
Am I still alive?
Awhile later its all over,
was it worth it?

-Tim Holdorf, '97

Life

Awakened by an alarm
Ready in a minute
Off into the world
Working by a schedule

The day will soon be over
Then home you go
Time to relax
Fall asleep
In the morning you repeat.

-Tim Holdorf, '97

What Am I?

I have feelings
I get Scared, Happy, Sad, and Excited
I have feathers, but not a bird.
I'm a man's best friend, but not a dog.
I have claws, but not a cat.
What am I?

I have two legs and two arms, but not human.
I can fly, but not a plane.
I'm strong and have horns, but not a bull.
I have many colors, but not a rainbow.
What am I?
Imagination
Hallucination

-Tim Holdorf, '97

Life

Life is...

Motion, free and flowing
With its path undecided.
Yet always moving
Towards some unforeseen destination.

Life is...

Leaping and turning,
Falling and stretching
For something always
Just and inch out of reach.

Life is...

Bursting with love and laughter,
Happiness and hope,
Family and friends-
Yet at the same time packed with
Sadness and Disappointment,
Heartbreaks and loss.

Life is...

Short and Tiring
With millions of things to achieve
And so little time for accomplishments.
It is tiring and stressful,
But at the same time
Rewarding and uplifting.

Life is...

Full of decisions and consequences
That change all of our lives.
It is a play
With no script and one in which everybody has the lead.

-Beth Klefer, '99

My hate is boiling up inside,
It has no place to run and hide.
My heart is breaking clean in two;
There's nothing anyone can do.

My soul becomes a lake of fire,
To hurt someone is my desire.
I want someone to feel the pain,
That's almost driving me insane.

I then look up so silently,
Into the eyes of my enemy.
And instead of ugly, mocking glares,
I see my pain reflected there.

-Laura Wichtoski, '98

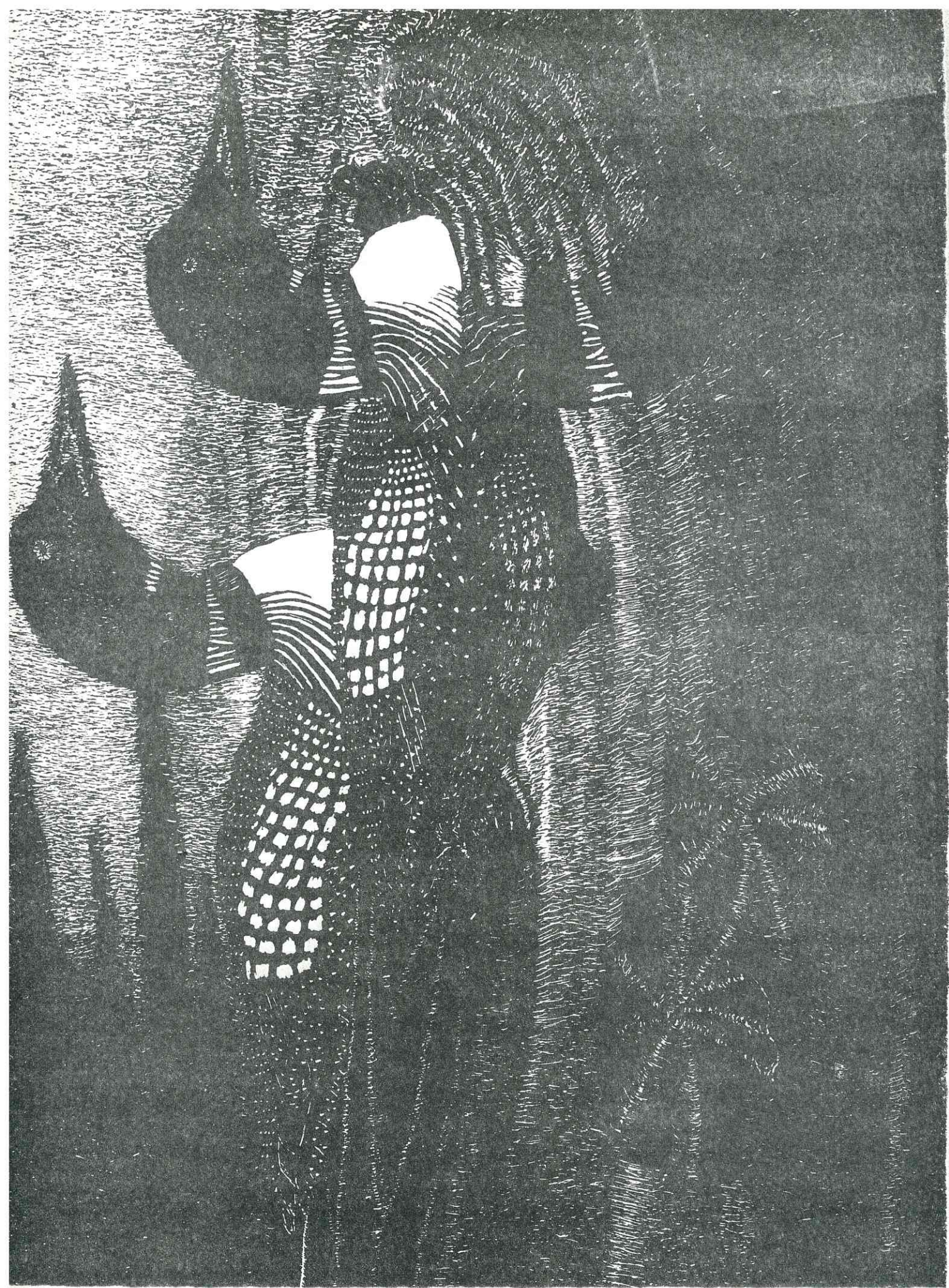
Alone

I slip past you, unnoticed in the dark.
Like a ghost without a shadow, I make no sound.
I see you standing there, alone and empty.
I feel your pain, I know what's going on.
I reach out to you, but you push me away.
I want to help, but you shut the door.
I whisper sweet, silent words to you.
But it doesn't matter.
You've become a part of the night, a child of darkness.
Evil has its hold on you.
I try to change that, but you aren't willing.
In the darkness, you stand as a single solitaire shadow.
I creep closer to you, once more.
But again, you run away, into the darkness.
Alone and frightened.
-Erin Grimme, '99

Justin Roe '99



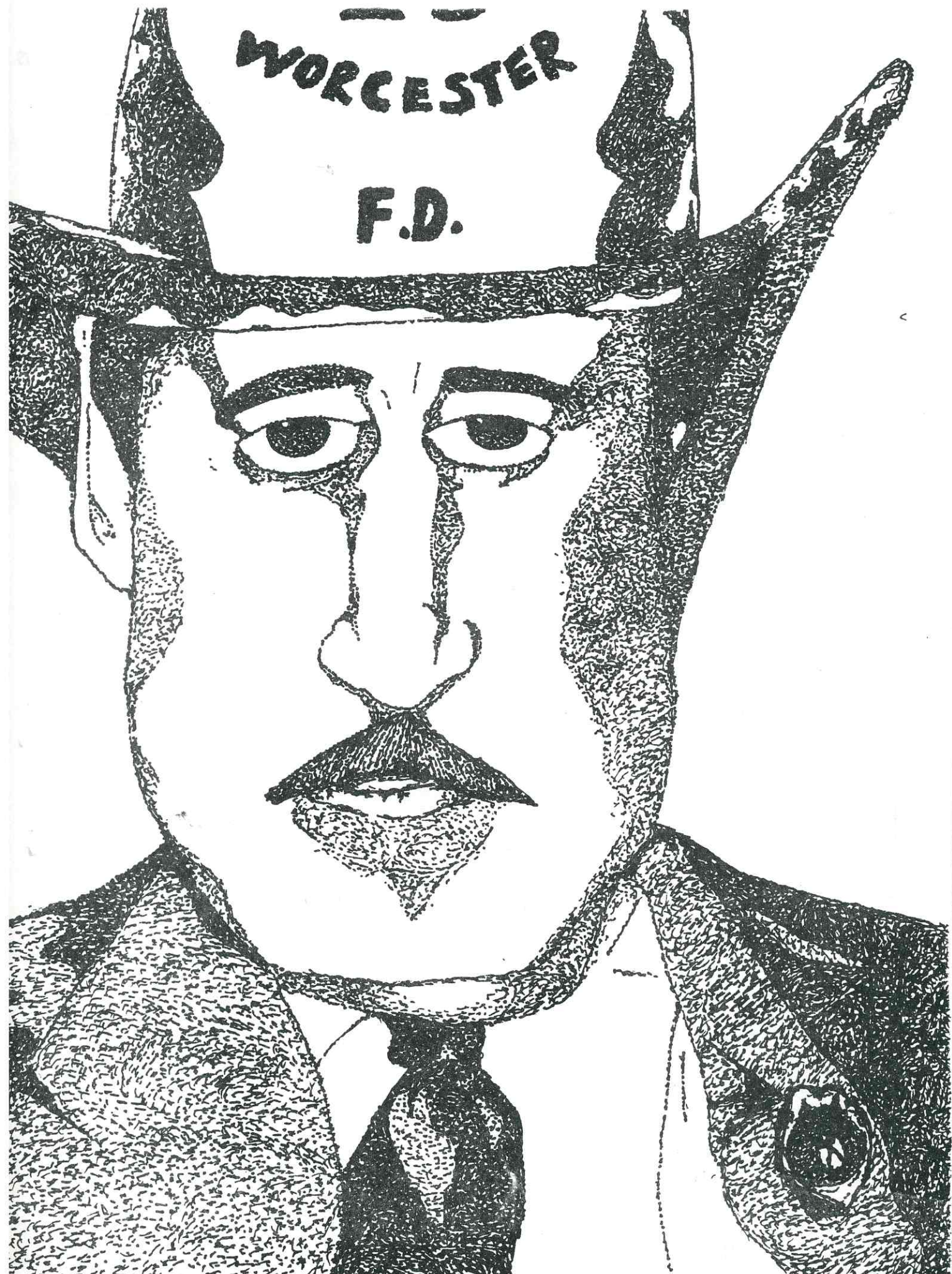
Damien Cannaday '97



Darren Long '98

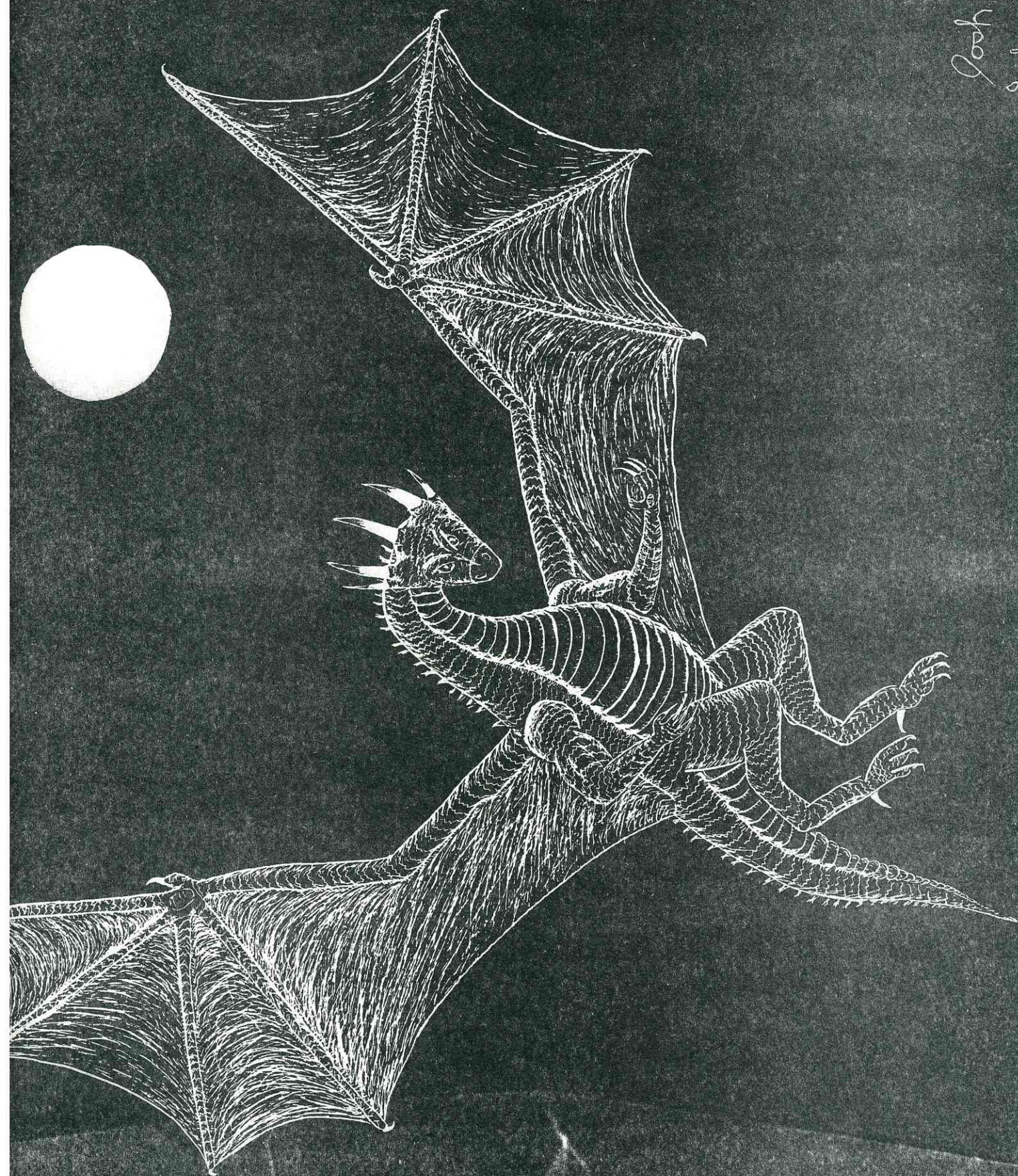
WORCESTER

F.D.

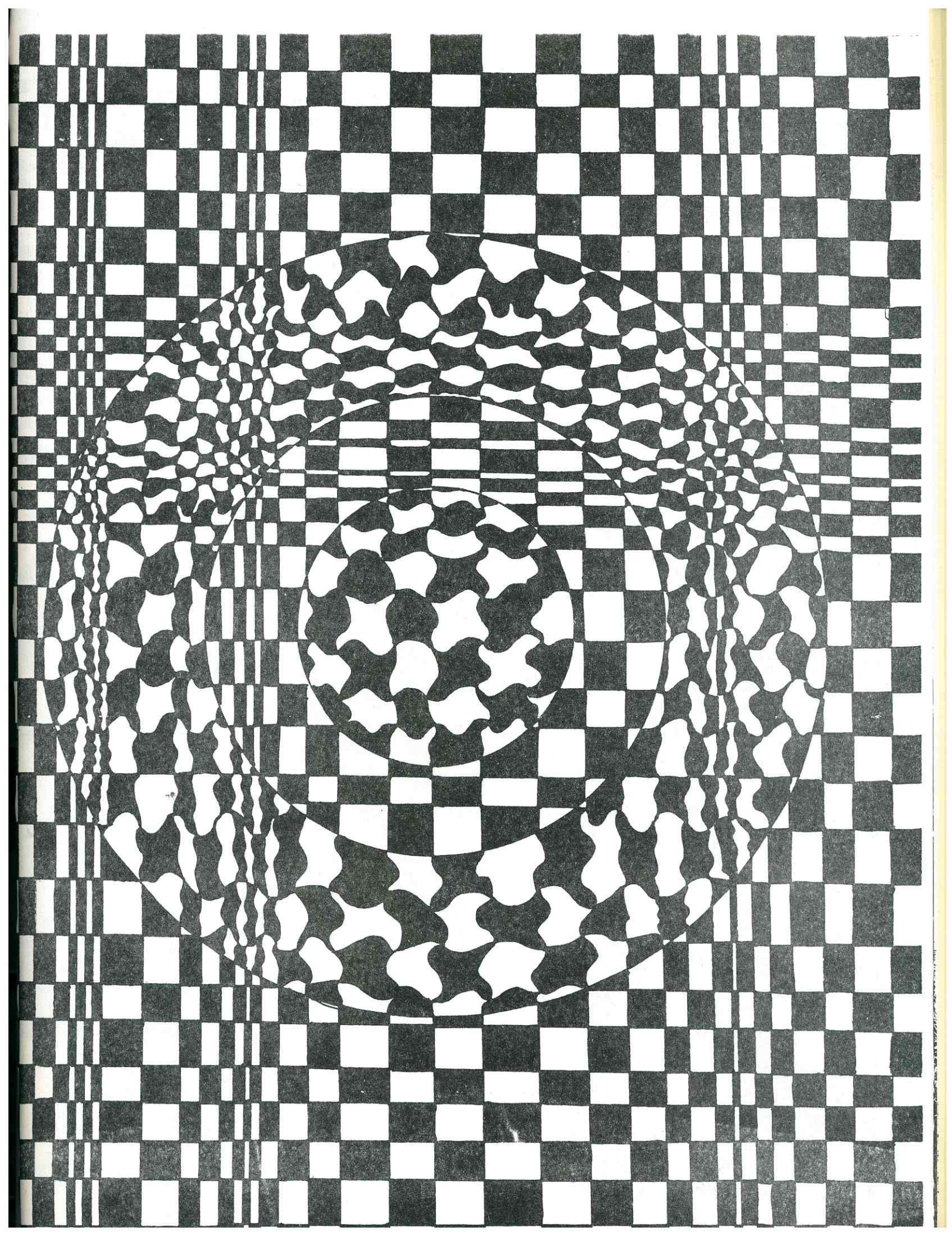


Josh Schay '98

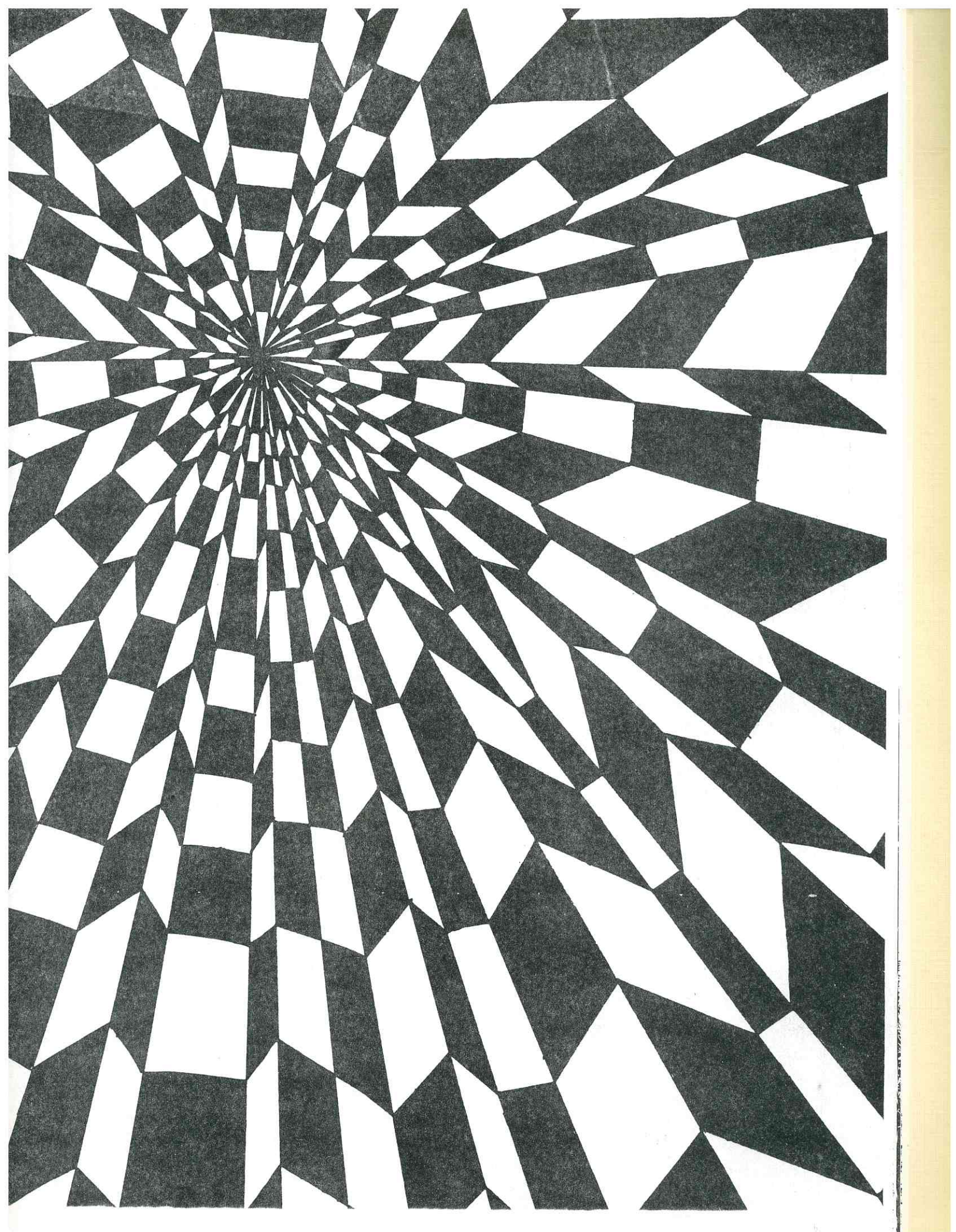
Book
Scharf



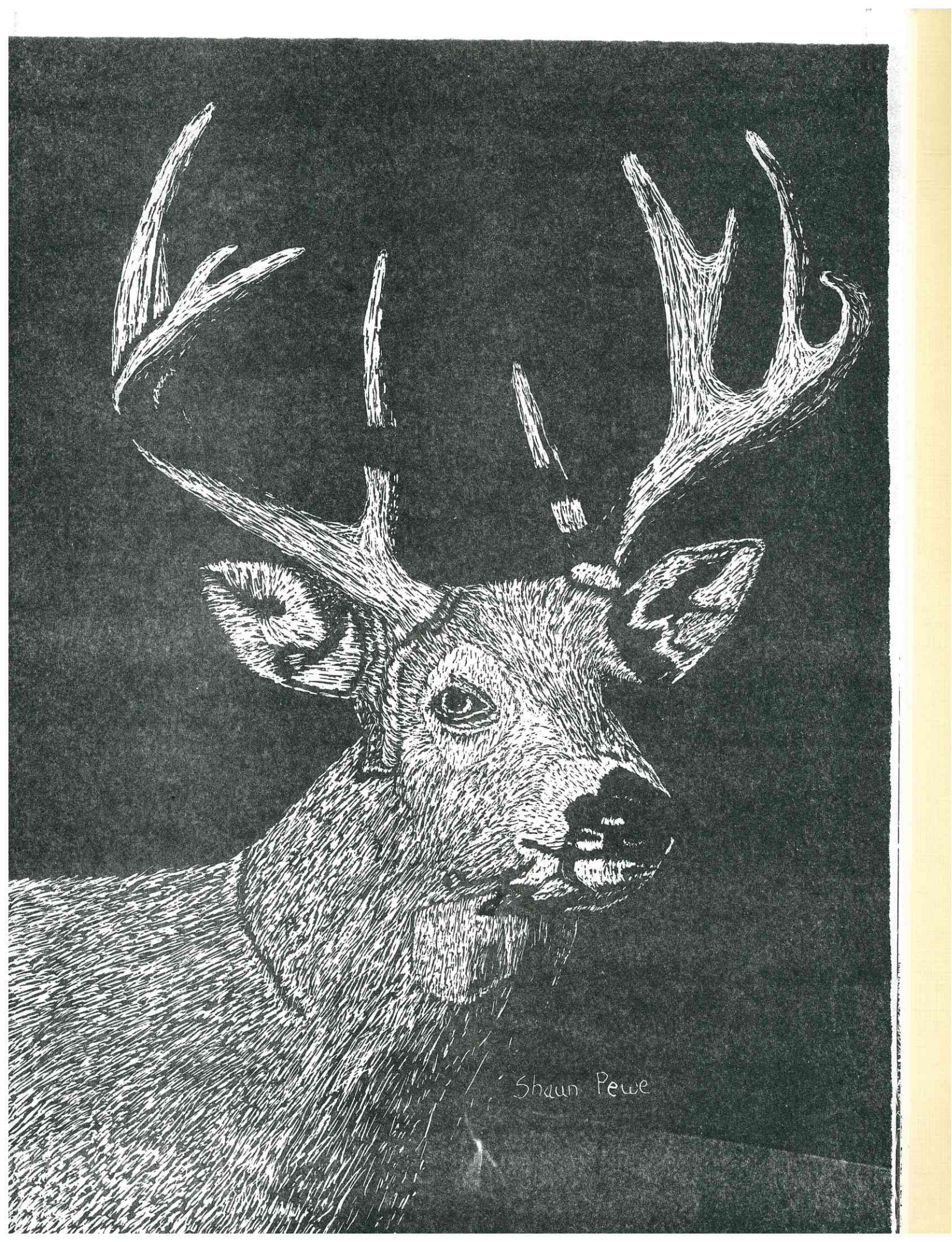
Heidi Green '97



Christy Swofford '98

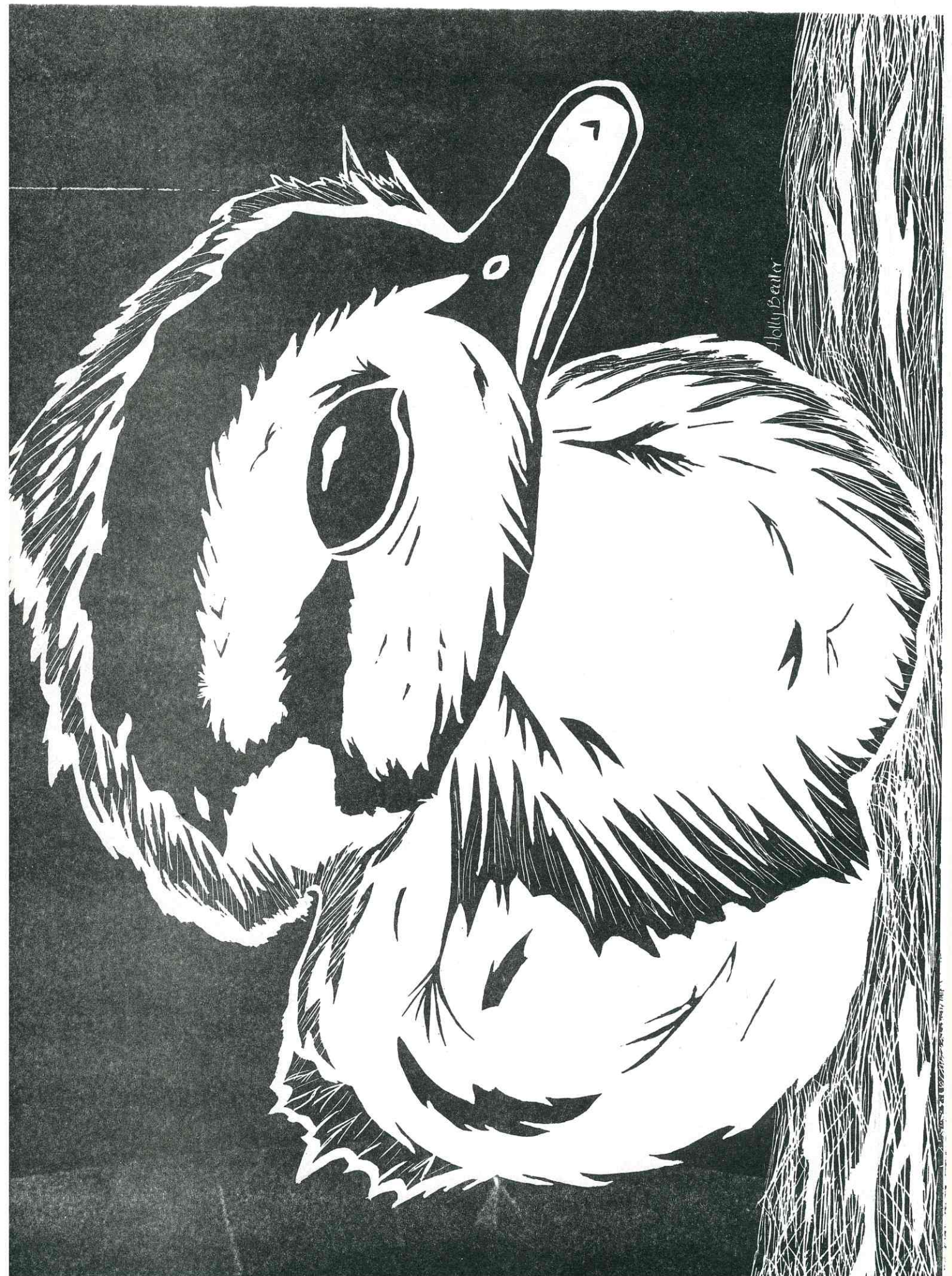


Shawn Pewe '98

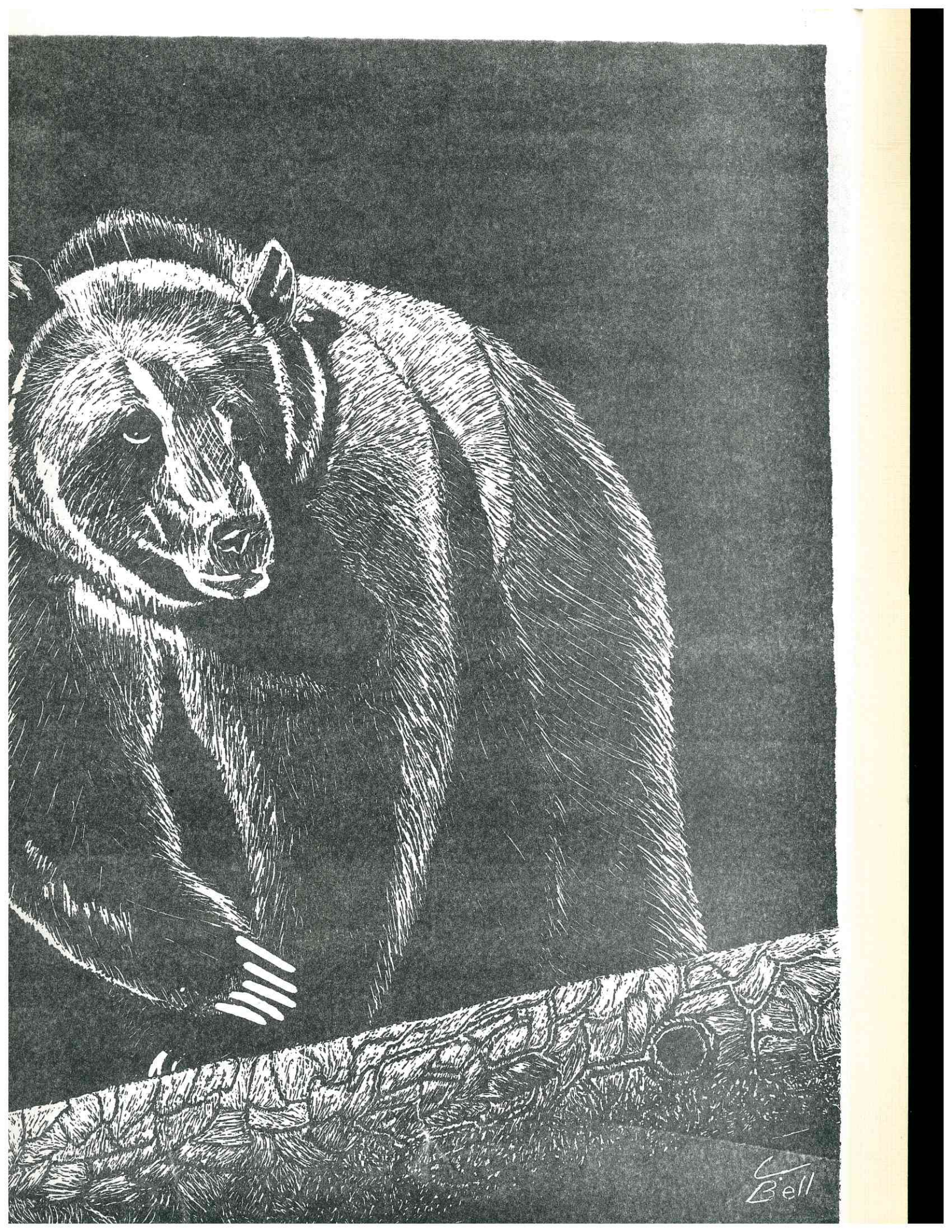


Shaun Pewe

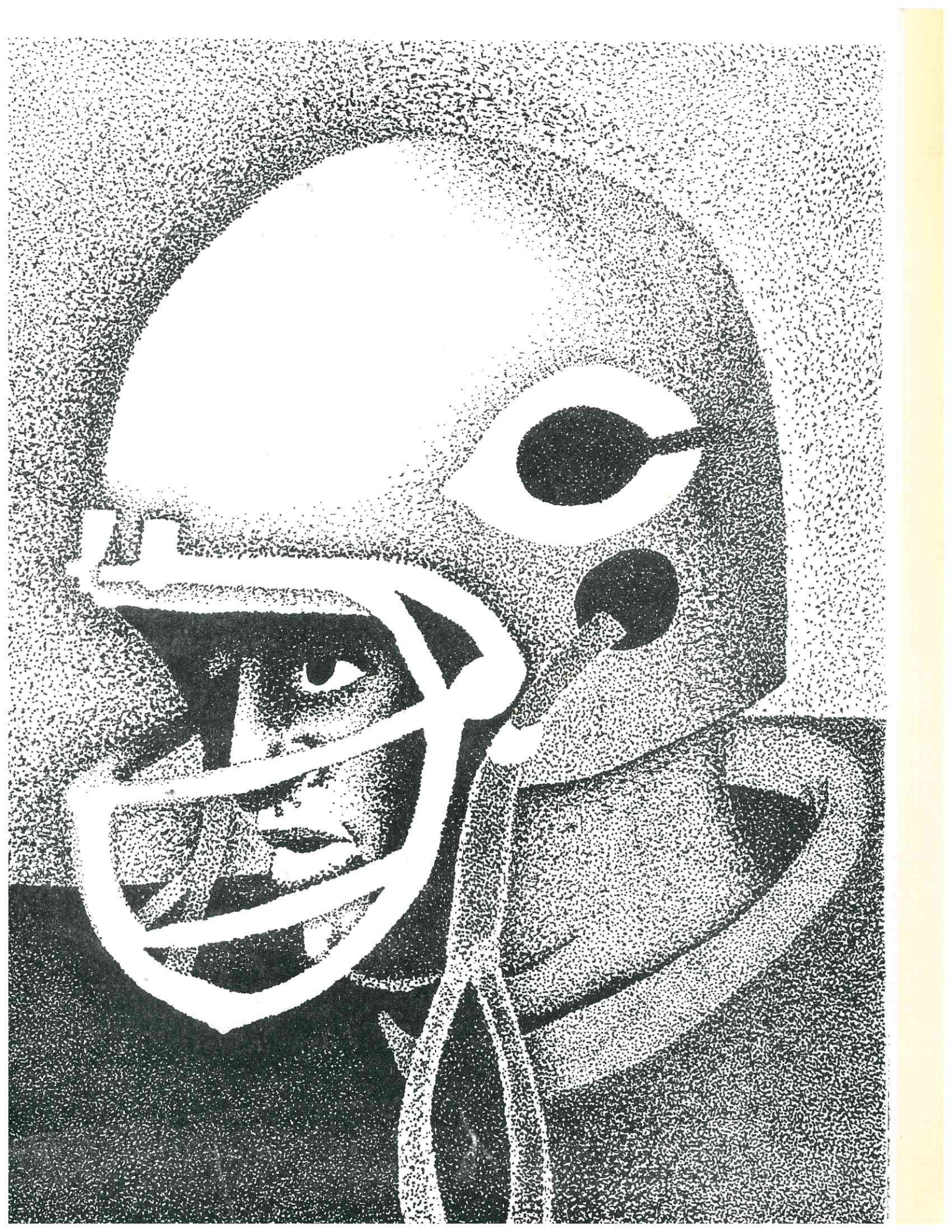
Holly Bealer '96



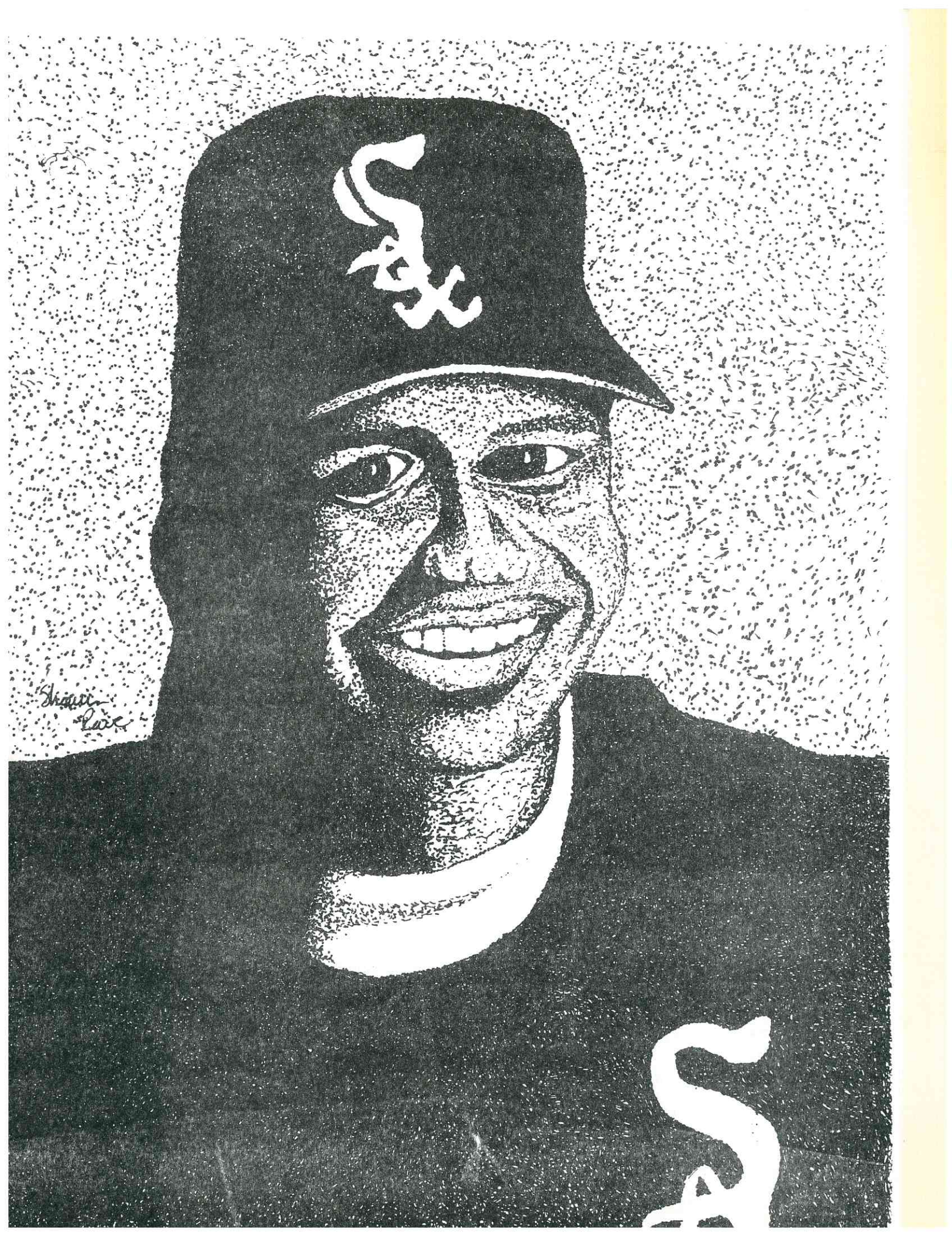
Chris Bell '96



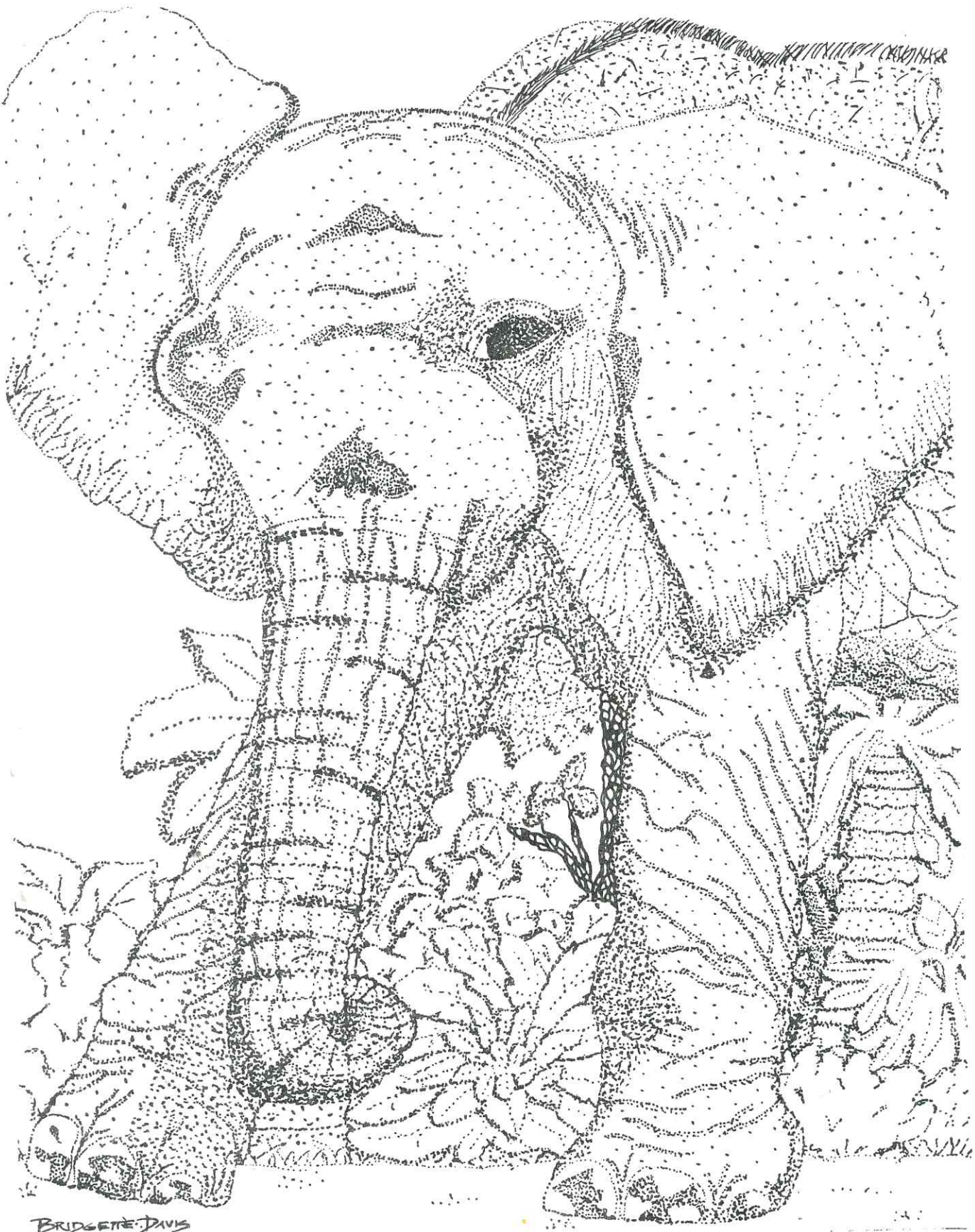
Christy Swofford '98



Shawn Pewe '98



Bridgette Davis '99



BRIDGETTE DAVIS

Sometimes, late at night,
I wake up all alone.

And sometimes, when it's late,
I find myself sitting in your room--
And I'm always all alone.

Sometimes, if I sit there long enough,
I can still feel your presence flickering in the shadows,
While your voice echoes softly off the walls...
but only in my head.

It's times like these that I feel
Deserted and Alone
Because of all the memories that torment me at night.

Ever since you left me my life has been a mess.
I never meant to hurt you,
But you hurt me, too,
When you picked up and left me, your mommy of sixteen years,
And not once in forty years have you called
To say hello.

I never thought you'd leave me,
You never thought I cared.
And I never, ever knew just how much I really cared for you.

I've always had that silent hope
That someday, when you're older
That maybe you will change your ways and come back to say I'm sorry.

You'll never be forgotten,
And you always have been missed.
Not a day goes by when I don't think and say "what if..."

Everyday I realize how much you changed my life,
And never has a day passed
when I don't hope my thoughts are shared.

So much has happened since then,
So many things have changed
Since that long and stormy nightmare passed,
Some twenty years ago.

My hair has grown much whiter
And my ways have gotten stronger.
My body is getting weaker and my health is fading fast.
But the thing that keeps me going is the hope that someday,
you'll come back.

-Beth Kiefer, '99

